“Caldor Fire”

You can’t see the flames but the fire
grows, the stench wafts, a black smoke
Stack spewing toxins in the air.
Faces besmirched with ash
Working fingers to the bone
Doing everything it takes to survive.

They who say “Life is a struggle for survival”
Sit complacent at home. The fire
Grows burning coal old as dinosaur bones.
The fuel that makes them rich, blowing smoke
Up the consumer’s ass. Cash turns to ash
When the sun explodes — it will purify the air

Stained by industry, sucked to utter airy
Promises. When we die they survive
To colonize another earth, only ashes
Left behind. And though the fire
Grows nobody stops the smoke
That chokes us all to death. Only bones

Left behind to stand the test of time, our bones.
In the hills of Altadena, in the air,
from up north a draft of smoke
Stirs from a wildfire whose survivors
Are left with no home, the fire
Grows until everything is ash.

Billionaire this earth is not your ash
Tray. Neither are the poor, so bone-
thin, fuel for your filthy fire.
You will not tyrannize and toxify the air
You will pay, our mother survives
You. When there is smoke

There is fire, a thick smoke
That chokes the poor with ash
A dwindling will to survive
Working their fingers to the bone.
The stain of industry on the air
You breathe, the all-consuming fire.

What survives us are merely bones
The smoke off a heaping pile of ash
An air pristine and dying fire